

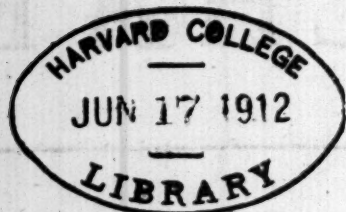
THE
EUCHARIST.

OR THE
Holy Sacrament
OF
Our LORD's SUPPER.
A DIVINE POEM.

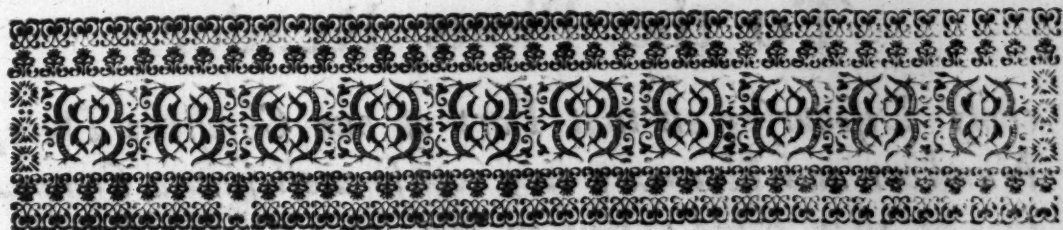
Majora Canamus.

By E. SETTLE.

LONDON, Printed for the Author, 1718.



Welsh fund



TO THE
P I O U S
R E A D E R.

THough the Pens of so many more Learned Authors, some of them even inspir'd Writers, have so largely celebrated the Goodness of God in the Institution of this Holy Sacrament; I hope however, that the Christian Reader will excuse this Essay on so Divine a Subject, tho' from a poorer and weaker Hand. Nor let it give Offence, as thought any Ways to lessen or derogate from the Dignity of so exalted a Theme, that I have thus set it forth in Verse; when so great a Part of the Divine Oracles, such as our Psalter and our Canticles, &c. are no other than a Musical Composition.

'Tis true, in our more mournful Addresses of Tears and Supplications to an offended Deity, or the melancholy

To the Pious Reader.

choly Discourses on that Part of our Christian Duty, Numbers and Harmony may not so well suit a Composure of that Kind: But in our more Cbeerful Oblations, such as our Thanksgiving Offerings to an all-gracious God for Pardons seal'd, Blessings shewr'd, and Grace and Mercies receiv'd, all which are convey'd down on the Wortby Communicant at this Celestial Feast; here a more tuneful Air may claim an Admission into a Treatise on that Argument. Nay, to set a little more Value on this Choice of Dress for so Seraphick a Subject, the Song, we are assur'd, shall continue, when the Prayer shall be heard no more; whilst such is the Musick of a long Eternity, and ev'n Hallelujahs are but Hymns of Praise, and Returns of Gratitude.



T H E

The Eucharist.

SO much the Creature his CREATOR's Care,
 That Man's Salvation to High Heav'n so dear,
 Cou'd once ev'n give a GOD Mortality,
 From his Celestial Throne sent down to die:
 As no less Expiation-Off'ring made
 The Purchase of a World's Redemption paid;
 In just Commemoration of the Price
 Of that Propitiation Sacrifice,
 Well might a Suff'ring GOD those Rites Divine,
 His instituted EUCHARIST enjoin.
 That Institution and the Grace it brings
 Be the Great Subject which my Muse now sings.

Yes, blessed *Eucharist*, so dear Above,
 Thou sacred Seal of the Immortal Love;
 The sleeping *Patriarch* on his Bed of Rest
 Of old with that Celestial Vision blest,
 The JACOB's *Ladder* rais'd so high, no more
 Then Mounting and Descending *Angels* bore.

B

More

More then Seraphick Trains thy Rites attend:
Lo, here do's ev'n the GOD himself Descend.
Far far beyond the once Mirac'lous Bread,
When a few Loaves his hungry Thousands fed;
The Bread of Life Eternal's thine; and still
To endless Worlds shall Thousand Thousands fill.
By this Divine Regale Mankind so blest,
At once a GOD the Founder and the Feast.

Oh cou'd we sound the inexhausted Mines
Of Divine Goodness; this bright Grace outshines
His very Miracles. They little more
Then shew'd the Hand of an Almighty Pow'r.
Limbs to the Lame; Eyes to the Blind; and Ease
To the Afflicted; Nay the Dead to raise:
Mercies to single Objects more confin'd.
The Mercies here are deal'd to all Mankind.

What tho' the *Good Samaritan* to pour
The Balm to bleeding Wounds perform'd their Cure:
Or the commission'd Angel from Above,
Did the *Bethesda's* healing *Waters* move;
Faint Emblems, weaker Medicinal Pools!
They gave but Bodies Health : Here's Health to Souls.

Here

Here lies no helpless Cripple. All, all mount
To endless Life from this Eternal *Gilead* Fount.

Nay when his Hand the Great Physician gave,
To a dead *Lazarus* wak'd from the Grave ;
What did he more in that mirac'lous Grace,
Then but renew the Sands of Life's short Glas.
That Resurrection only rais'd the *Man*,
A little lengthen'd out his Mortal Span.
But oh that Great Physician from on High,
Here calls Diviner Graces to supply :
Do's, from this shining Table's bright Display,
Furnish the cheering Viands on our Way,
T' our last high Stage in never setting Day.

As the Great *Fiat*, all commanding WORD,
Spoke out the *World*, and gave that World a *Lord* :
When the High Founder his vast Pile began,
And ended with that Sovereign Creature MAN :
Man thus to Universal Empire lift,
What was his World t' his *Sacramental Gift* !
Tho' deckt with REASON's intellectual Light,
A Head so furnisht, and a Soul so bright,

These

These *Graces* on his Fav'rite Man bestow'd,
From hence he bore the *Image* of the GOD.
By thee blest *Eucharist*, how must he shine,
Illumin'd by a Beam yet more Divine;
From th' imbib'd DEITY his Soul t' inspire,
With yet Sublimier animating Fire.

As such his Banquet did thy GOD design,
So bright the *Eucharistick* GLORIES shine;
Invited Mortal think, to bring Thee there,
What Lips, what Knee, what Heart, ought'st thou prepare,
To qualify Thee for a Worthy Guest!
What *Wedding Garment* suits this *Bridal Feast*.

Yes thou that hunger'st for the Heav'nly Food,
Pant'st for the Cup, thirst'st for the mystick Blood,
Feel'st thou a Beam of God kindled by Faith,
Cheering and lighting thee to th' Heav'nly Path?
Consult thy Soul. Are the Two Tables there,
And what the *Mighty Twelve* for GOD declare;
Seek'st thou to copy JESUS? Can'st thou show
Meekness and Love t' a persecuting Foe.

Dost

Dost thou to Sovereign Reason give the Reins ;

And thy subjected Passions wear thy Chains ?

O'er all thy Senses is the Conquest gain'd ?

And do's the Needy bless thy Bounteous Hand ?

Yes, dear Communicant, tho' to this Feast

The Call is Universal, yet at least

It lies on Thee to be a Welcome Guest.

Resolv'd to make then thy Reception sure,

Where the God enters keep the Vessel pure.

So well prepar'd set forward : Never fear

T' approach to the true *Paschal Banquet* here.

As with a blest Eternity in view,

Thou want'st to pave thy Way to Heav'n ; pursue

Thy Chace : Thy JESUS wants to pave it too :

When the whole Flesh his Godhead wore : His Birth,

Life, Passion, Death ; all his whole Work on Earth

Was but to give thee Heav'n, Eternal Bliss.

Oh most prodigious Goodness ! Love like this-----

---But here, here stop : Nor dare with mortal Ken,

Presume to penetrate th' amazing Scene.

For oh, th' Immensity of Love Divine !

To fathom thy vast Depth ev'n Thought wants line.

C

What

What tho' the Great **THREE ONE**, the **GOD** joyn'd All
 In the Foundation of this mighty Ball:
 His Heav'n he starr'd; and his low'r Earth to grace,
 Fixt his own Image there, the Humane Race!
 He Peopled but his World. His **SON** alone
 Came down to People Heav'n, up t' his bright Throne,
 To call his best-lov'd Man, that Work his own.
 So call'd, so courted, ne'er be Cold nor Coy,
 But taste the Antepaste to endless Joy.
 Not Thou, but thy kind Lord sets forth this Feast;
 With his own Hand has the Rich Table drest,
 Th' Inviter no less pleas'd, then Thou the Guest.

As from the Palace to the Cott, are all
 Invited to this glorious Festival.
 Has Providence thy Superior Station plac'd,
 Both with High Veins, and with High Titles grac'd;
 Deckt in the gaudy Trappings of the Great,
 The Robe, the Plume, the Gem, and Coronet?
 Nay and perhaps to raise Thee yet more high,
 Fixt Thee a Star in the *Court-Galaxy*!

Here

Here at this Richer Heav'nly Banquet fed,
A Table thy poor Palace ne'er can spread;
Nor Pomp, Pow'r, Grandeur; no, not all the Load
Of Worldly Cares shall hold Thee from thy GOD.
From hence enlighten'd, hence thy Heav'nly Guide,
Led by no Vanities of Life aside,
Midst all the Toils of Greatness, all that wait
Ev'n on the Pilots at the Helm of State,
Thou shalt divide thy Labours; not alone
To lend thy *Patriot-Hand* t' uphold a Throne:
But found thee a Sublimer of thy Own.

What tho' so Wealthy, such thy Worldly Smiles,
Beyond the Gospel *Dives* Golden Piles:
To taste this Banquet of thy Lord alone,
How wilt thou truly Sweeten all thy Own!
No hungry Suppliant driv'n from thy Door:
No, from the Affluence of thy Worldly Store,
That Warmth shall thy Diffusive Grace supply,
To succour, not oppress his Misery.
He too shall taste of thy Delicious Fare;
And Thou with him shalt *Abraham's Bosom* share.

Art thou, Young Man, in all thy spriteliest Fire,
In all the Health thy glowing Veins inspire!
Remember thy CREATOR in thy Bloom;
And t' his Inviting SON's rich Banquet come.
Thither thy Heav'nly Birthright call'd to prove,
Seal early thy Inheritance Above.

Nay art thou to more Hardy Virtue born;
And do's the Martial Plume thy Crest adorn!
Thy King and Country do they both invite
Thy Champion Arm, their sacred Cause to right!
Consider e'er thou Marchest to the Feild,
Thou bear'st the CROSS the Impress of thy Shield.
Would'st thou to Battle with that Banner go,
Drink of this Cordial, and then meet the Foe.
For hardier Courage still Death's Face to front
Bear Life Eternal with thee from this Fount.
Oh, fix not thy whole Hopes on th' Hero's Claim
To Wreathes of Laurel, and Immortal Fame.
Tho' call'd in Honour's Bed of Dust to lye;
Thy GOD will more then thy lost Life supply;
He'll give thee a True *Immortality.*

Art thou in Life's gay Spring, of the Fair Kind
The Fairest! Haft thou Wit, Youth, Beauty joyn'd!
Yes, do's thy Glas thy Rosey Bloom display,
Cast in a Mould of Nature's loveliest Clay;
Of Beauty's gawdy Plume be not too fond,
That perishable Flow'r: But look beyond.
Think thou'lt seen Fair Ones snatcht in all their Sweets,
Not to their Wedding, but their Winding Sheets.
Nor dost thou know but ev'n that Lot may be,
By th' All-dispensing Pow'r ordain'd for Thee.
Then spend not thy whole Care in pointing Darts,
And coyning Looks for Captivating Hearts:
Nor make Love's emptier Joys thy only View.
Prepare for thy Immortal Spousals too.
The beauteous Soul who do's her Light trim up,
By th' *Heav'nly Bridegroom* call'd t' his Nuptial Cup,
The true *Wise Virgin* plays; so fixt a Guest,
Prepares her *Lamp* for the Eternal Feast.

Now from the Young and Fair, the Great and High,
Look down to th' humbler Sons of Industry.
Earn'st thou thy Morfel from thy sweating Brow,
A Drudging Lab'rer at the Spade and Plough;

D

And

And eat'st the Bread of Cares? The *Bread Divine*

And the *Salvation Cup* no less are Thine,

Wert thou ordain'd thy Rural Nest to build

Amongst the bleating Rangers of the Feild;

Tending thy harmless Flock, to see thy Head,

With yon Celestial Canopy o'erspread;

Look up to the Diviner *Pastor* there,

And of his Table Claim thy Native Share;

The lowly Swain sure his peculiar Care.

Yes, think how the Angelick Jubilee,

At thy dear Saviour's Birth was sung to Thee.

Glory in th' Highest, and Good Will to Men,

Not chanted in Proud Courts, t' a Princely Train,

But to the humble Shepherds of the Plain.

Nay has thy mortal Lot thrown thee so low,

As ev'n to taste the bitter Draught of Woe;

With this too frowning World's Oppression vex,

Come to this Feast, and look up to the next.

Here in this Cup of Joy drown all thy Care.

Remember what the Founder do's declare:

He to whom less of Earthly Joys are given,

Claims but the larger Share in those of Heav'n.

Look

Look lower still. Thou ev'n the Dungeon Slave,
Doom'd to a publick Death, and shameful Grave,
Tho' not a Life, thou hast a Soul to save.
Approach but with a penitential Knee,
And ev'n this Feast is not denied to Thee;
Mercy has been to late Repentance show'd,
The *Thief* upon the Cross once found a GOD.

As such the General Invitation calls
The Heav'n'd Mouths t' his Hospitable Walls,
Of all th' Oraculous Commands that past
From thy blest Saviour, this the Greatest Last;
Refuse not to accept the plenteous Hoard
Of Blessings, the last *Supper* of thy LORD
Has to Mankind so bountifully Stor'd.
Want'st thou Health, Peace, Contentment; all that's dear
To thy own Heart; approach and find 'em here.
Renew the very *Man*: Ev'n Cowardise,
With all its Fears shall here to Courage rise.
At common Tables fill'd, what do we more
Then rise more Nervy for the Plough or Oar.

The

Th' invigorated Arm and strengthen'd Knee,
From Worldly Feasts is all the Fruit we see.
This Festival do's our whole Veins refine,
Gives Health all Sacred, Nutriment Divine.
From hence enliven'd with that strength of Mind,
Fear not thy Soul shall th' inspir'd Heroe find.
In vain the lou'ring World: No adverse Frown,
Nor persecuting Pow'rs shall cast thee down.
Nor Storms nor Shipwracks, every mortal Loss;
No, nor the bearing thy dear SAVIOUR's Cross;
Whilst thus set up a Gospel Militant,
So fortified a Heart shall ever daunt.
Ev'n Death it self shall here no Conquest boast,
The King of Terrors all his Terrors lost;
No Death-bed Agony thy Peace invades:
The very Grave knows here no Night, nor Shades.
All fearless shalt thou taste Life's last four Draught,
And bare thy Breast to the Destroying Shaft:
Look up t' Omnipotence with th' Eagle's Eye;
And in that noblest List of WORTHIES die.

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